Queſtion your grace the late Embaſſador,
With what regard he heard his Embaſſage,
How well ſupplied with aged Counſellours,
And how his reſolution andſwered him,
You then would ſay that *Harry* was not wilde.
King. Well thinke we *Harry* ſtrong:
And ſtrongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord here is an Embaſſador
From the King of England.
Kin. Bid him come in.
You ſee this chaſe is hotly followed Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this Engliſh ſhort.
Selfeloue my Liege is not ſo vile a thing,
As ſelfe neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieſtie.
He wils you in the name of God Almightie,
That you deueſt your ſelfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide ſtretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the worme-holes of old vaniſht dayes,
Nor from the duſt of old obliuion rackte,
He ſends you theſe moſt memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonſtrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his moſt famed and famous anceſtors,
Edward the third, he bids you then reſigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

King.

King. If not, what followes?
Exe. Bloody cõſtraint, for if you hide
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake
Therefore in fierce tempeſt is he comm
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Io*
That if requiring faile, he will compell
And on your heads turnes he the widow
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bo
The pining maydens grones.
For husbands, fathers, and diſtreſſed lo
Which ſhall be ſwallowed in this contr
This is his claime, his threatning, and m
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſly we bring greeting
Dol. For the *Dolphin?* I ſtand here f
What to heare from England.
Exe. Scorn & defiance, ſlight regard
And any thing that may not misbecom
The mightie ſender, doth he priſe you
Thus ſaith my king. Vnles your father
Sweeten the bitter mocke you ſent his
Heele call you to ſo loud an anſwere fo
That caues and wombely vaultes of *F*
Shall chide your treſpaſſe, and return
In ſecond accent of his ordenance.
Dol. Say that my father render faire
It is againſt my will:
For I deſire nothing ſo much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cauſe according to his yo
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* ball
Exe. Heele make your *Paris* Louer
Were it the miſtreſſe Court of mightie
And be aſſured, youle finde a differenc
As we his ſubiects haue in wonder fou

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